

STOCKBRIDGE CORN MANURE.

Corn raised for
14c per Bushel

At Bowditch's celebrated Millwood Farm, on
Stockbridge Manures and Horse Power.

Perhaps the most extensive corn-raiser in Eastern Massachusetts is Mr. I. N. Bowditch, of Framingham, who carries on the celebrated Millwood Farm, formerly the property of his father, the late E. Frank Bowditch. All of Mr. Bowditch's farm operations are carried on very largely by horse power, hand labor being reduced to the minimum. In fact, no hand labor is done where it can possibly be avoided, the object being to reduce expenses of cultivation to the lowest possible figure. Referring to his corn-field, which was planted the past season with Stockbridge Corn Manure alone, Mr. Bowditch gives us the following figures:

Dr.	
Taxes.....	\$0.00
Seed, 2½ bushels.....	2.25
Stockbridge fertilizer for six acres.....	144.00
Plowing with sulky plow.....	15.00
Labor of planting by machine.....	3.00
Harrowing, horse power.....	2.50
Wheel hoe, three times.....	15.00
Cutting up corn.....	20.00
Husking.....	35.30
Stacking fodder.....	10.00
Total cost.....	\$254.05

CR.

By 26 tons of fodder at \$8 per ton.....\$208.00

Leaves cost of 333 bushels shelled corn.....\$46.05
or about 14 cents a bushel.



LARGE, WELL FILLED EARS.

The above photograph shows a trace of "KING PHILLIP" field corn, raised on STOCKBRIDGE CORN MANURE exclusively, 1500 lbs. per acre, by Joseph Howland, Berkley, Mass., yielding 150 1-2 bushels corn on the ear, per acre.

SEND FOR OUR NEW PAMPHLET—JUST ISSUED—AND MENTION THE "MAINE FARMER." IT WILL PAY.

BOWKER FERTILIZER COMPANY,

43 Chatham St., Boston, Mass.

27 Beaver St., New York.

Woman's Department.

SUNSHINE.

Where the sun never shines, one can never be quite as cheerful as in a room which is flooded by the glorious beams of the God of day. The humblest home will be more attractive, if a few plants are kept in the family-room or in the kitchen, so that the tired housekeeper can catch a glimpse of their bright leaves and a suggestion of summer, and open forests and fields. They are also a constant inspiration. One or two ferns or a pot of the "leaf plant" will grow freely and make even a shady room cheerful. And as they grow when the sun never penetrates in dense forests, so they will grow in rooms where the sun never throws a ray of cheer. They require very little care; water them daily, if you would have the best results, but only a very little, and even this is not a necessity. A common rock fern may be left for days without water; it never demands sunshine, it will repay a corner bracket for its stand upon. It is marvelous how much it will contribute to the pleasure of the household, and how often it will be a delight to take it from its inconspicuous corner, and place it in some light where each member of the family can enjoy its brightness.

Plants like people, adapt themselves to a most marvelous way to their surroundings. After brightening the home all through the winter, and through the fitful spring months, they may be put in the ground in May to grow all summer; and in October they may be again put into pots, the old branches trimmed off, and again grace the window, and gladden the household.

CAROLINE W. D. RICH.
Bilkeon, Lewiston.

At this season of the year the system craves acids. The very best acid is lemon juice, but it should not be taken in its natural state, as it is too strong for the stomach. A good way to prepare lemon juice for instant use is as follows: Get two dozen lemons, and roll each one separately on a smooth, hard surface until it is quite soft, then cut off the end, and with a dull knife, scrape out all the juice and pulp. Strain this carefully through a thin cloth, then make the juice almost thick with sugar, bottle in glass, using a cork stopper, and stand in a cool place. It will keep a long time, and to make a glass of fresh lemonade, you have only to put in a tumbler of cold water enough of the sugared acid to suit your taste. You might do this when lemons are cheap, and then when lemons are scarce and high in price, you will not be deprived of your favorite beverage because it costs too much to indulge.

A common error of those who have to cater to the requirements of ailing people is the singular persistence with which they insist upon such people eating. Whether hungry or not, one should not be too anxious to feed a person who is ill. It is perfectly preposterous to advocate such a theory, because the moment that people take into their stomachs food that is not digested by nature, that moment they are paying tribute to dyspepsia. It is not an empty stomach that demands food, but the stimulus of ailing juices. When the stomach gets out of the secretion of gastric juice is stopped to a large extent, and to then try to force the stomach to work is like making a man with a broken leg to walk. He can only make a stagger at it, and is more than likely to add to his discomfort. An excellent rule is to eat only when you are hungry.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

COCONUT CUSTARD. To a pint and a half of boiling milk add a small cupful of desiccated coconut. Boil ten minutes, and when cool add three well beaten eggs and three tablespoonsful of sugar. Pour into an earthen dish, set in a shallow tin of hot water, and bake until it sets.

POTATO BALLS. Beat three eggs and one cup of lard in two cups of well mashed potato, a little salt and one egg of yeast. This is the sponge; let it rise, and then make up with flour to a dough stiff enough to roll out. Let rise again, then make out in the baking pan; let rise again, and bake in a quick oven.

APPLE FRITTERS. A cupful of milk, one beaten egg, two teaspoonsful baking powder, a pinch of salt, and thicken with flour enough to prevent it sticking to the spoon. Slice two or three sour apples very thin and mix them in the batter. Drop into hot lard from the spoon, and fry like doughnuts. They are nice with syrup, or cream and sugar.

A BREAKFAST DISH. Chop fine remnants of any kind of cold roast or steak, season with salt, pepper, and a little butter, and make into small cakes. Prepare an egg batter as for nice griddle cakes. Lay a spoonful of the batter on the hot griddle, and on it the chopped meat; cover with batter. When browned on one side, turn as you would a griddle cake and brown the other side. These cakes should be eaten as soon as done.

LEMONADE. Fubbing. Place in a double boiler or saucepan three cupsful of milk, a lump of butter and a pinch of salt. While it is heating, beat two eggs light, white and yolks together; gradually stir in three level tablespoonsful of sugar and six of sweet milk. Stir this into the boiling milk and cook until thickened. Serve warm with sweetened cream. A tumblerful of quince or apple jelly turned out in the centre of the dish will be found a great improvement.

DO NOT NEGLECT THE MOTHER.

Girls, do you pet your mothers, or do you take for granted all the endearing tenderness that is bestowed upon you, with never a thought of making any return? Unless you are in the habit of making much of that dear woman whose child you are, it would be well for you to begin at once, for "mother" will not always be with you, and in those lonely, heart-hungry days in the future you will wish that you had been more demonstrative.

Mothers are never too old to appreciate the gentleness of their children; they are never so busy as to alight a caress, or ever so taken up with the cares and responsibilities of household life that they will not enter fully into the joys, sorrows and plans of their children, if they are only that loving confidence is offered them.

Daughters budding into womanhood, do not be so engrossed in your own bright visions that you cannot spare time for mother. Her eyes will gladden with happiness over any little attention; her heart will overflow at a caress given, and your own great reward will come in the memory of the fond glance and kindling eye when the opportunity for affectionate display on your part has passed away forever.

There is nothing that can sting so bitterly as the recollection of what we might have been to some dear one. Do not let this gnawing bitterness have a chance to seize your soul, but while the dearest friend you will ever have is with you, fill her life and your own with present and future joy, by petting her until even her mother heart feels content.

Can be seen on all quarters—the spread eagle.

So many women who have entry ways and kitchens carpeted with oilcloth or linoleum habitually cleanse it with soap and water, often adding ammonia, lye or washing soda. Two or three such washings will take all the gloss from the oilcloth, and a few more such rubbings will begin to deface the figures. And this is for the reason that the soap and lye eat the life out of the paint. If you have plenty of milk, wash up the oilcloth with that, using a clean floor cloth. If milk is not plenty, saturate a cloth with coal oil, and wash the oilcloth with that, then rub with a dry cloth. The result will please you, and your floor coverings will last longer.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

A blind carpenter reached out for his plane and saw.

Saves Doctors' Bills. "I do not think we could keep house without Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best spring medicine and suits my case. I like a medicine which purifies the blood. I have used it for a number of years and the more I use it the better I like it. It is a saving of doctors' bills and keeps me in good working order." John Bush, Vassalboro, Me.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

An elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.

No small objection which young folks had to the old-time spring-medicines was their nauseousness. In our day, this objection is removed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful and popular of blood-purifiers, is as pleasant to the palate as a cordial.

A deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd.

W. A. Goodenough of the Goodenough Co., 158 East 25th Street, New York City, states: "That in October 1884, he suffered so with pneumonia that his physician advised him to leave this severe climate, which he did. In the following year, 1885, he was taken with another attack and feared he could have to go away again and give up business, but by advice he tried Adams' Balsam, which has entirely cured him. It is with his permission that we publish this."

A noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a uniform brown or black, which, when dry, will neither rub, wash off, nor soil linen.

A defunct hatter was tenderly deposited on a pile of hair and felt.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

A wagon-maker who had been dumb for years picked up a hub and spoke.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

For Over Fifty Years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, cures the gum, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Young Folks' Column.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
"With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
"With an old little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
"With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
"With a small sigh of grief,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
"With a faint little moan,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,
"From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch."

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a girl ten years old. I live on a farm of three hundred and twenty acres. My father has 15 cows, 14 calves, 19 steers, 4 bulls, 11 pigs, 14 hens, 3 ducks, 4 working horses; their names are, Harry, Frank, Dick and Ben; I driving horse his name is John, and 2 colts which are not named yet. School is keeping now and will for ten weeks more. I have for studies, reading, spelling, geography, history, writing, drawing and arithmetic. My teacher's name is Mr. Scanlan, and assistant Miss Nettie Barnes. I have 4 brothers, their names are Winburn, Joseph, Saxby and Stanley; 4 sisters their names are, Nettie, Carrie, Bessie and May. I have one brother and two sisters married, and have three nephews, and two nieces; one of my nephews whose name is Willie is living with us; his mother died when he was four months old, and he has lived with us ever since. One of my brothers is going to school at Cornell University, N. Y. One of my brothers and one of my sisters are going to school in Truro, N. S. So there is only my brother, sister, Willie and I home beside my mother and father. I can make beds, wash and wipe dishes, sew, dust, sweep, blacken boots, wash rubbers, iron, make candy and water plants. I will send a conundrum: How is it, that the oldest man that ever lived died before his father?

Yours truly,
LUTIE K. BUCK.

Dear Boys and Girls: I have been going to school this winter. I have to walk nearly a mile. For studies I have reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and language. For pets I have one dog; his name is Midnight. I can wash dishes, cook some, set the table, sweep, make beds, knit and sew. My mamma is dead. I live in the city with my grandpa and grandma. It is vacation now, and I am visiting my other grandpa and grandma who live on a farm two and one-half miles from the city. Grandpa has 150 hens, three horses, and two cows. I was eleven years old last January.

Yours truly,
ANGIE EDNA KIDSON.

Mr. Editor: I am a little girl seven years old. I like to read the young folks' column very much. My papa has taken the Farmer six years. I have two brothers and one sister; their names are Bennett, Ivan and Maud. For a pet I have a black cat; her name is Topsy. My school is not keeping now, but when it is I study spelling, arithmetic, geography, and read in the third reader. As will try to write a longer letter next time.

JENNIE MAY STAPLES.

Limerick.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a girl ten years old. I live on a farm of 200 acres. I am 13 years old. I have two sisters and no brothers. My sister's names are Mabel and Dora. For pets I have three sheep and a yoke of steers, one cat, and a dog. I have been going to school this spring; our teacher's name is Mr. Harry Littlefield of Belfast. For studies I have reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar and writing. Our school finished last Friday. We liked our teacher very much. I think the answer to Della L. Cummings' riddle is a watch. My father keeps three cows, two heifers, three horses, one hog, 75 hens and 78 sheep. It is very pleasant here to-day.

Yours truly,
EVERETT J. FELKER.

Dear Boys and Girls: I have one of my neighbors takes the Farmer, and so we have it to read. I like to read it very much. I am 11 years old. I have 2 sisters and 3 brothers. My papa has 10 cattle, 2 horses, Charlie and Victor, 2 colts, Gerrie and Dick, 16 sheep, 8 lambs, 1 hog, 2 pigs, and 75 hens. My aunt takes this paper, so I would like to have this printed to surprise her. I can do most of the chores at the barn. I can wash dishes, sweep, make beds, iron, sew, knit, and play on the organ some. I will close by sending a riddle: Open like a barn door, Stares like a cat, Guess all day, And you can't guess that.

Harrison.

Mr. Editor: I like to read the young folks' column very much. I am fifteen years old; am 5 feet, 8 inches tall, and weigh 122 lbs. I have three brothers and two sisters, all older than I am. My sisters are both married. I can do most of the housework. For pets I have a bird, her name is Princess; a dog, his name is Ben; a cat, her name is Flosie. I did not go to school last winter, but I am going this spring. I like to go to school very much. I will close now by sending a riddle: "Why is an alligator the most deceitful of animals?"

LILLIAN M. TASKER.

Dismont Centre.

Dear Mr. Editor: My uncle takes the Farmer, and I enjoy reading the young folks' letters very much. I go to school this winter. My teacher's name is Mr. Richardson; he is very kind, and I like him very much. I study reading, arithmetic, geography, geometry, spelling, grammar, agriculture, and Canadian and British history. We live a mile and a half from the school house. I have two sisters, their names are Mary and Addie; and one brother, his name is George. I can knit, sew, crochet, make beds, cook, sweep, wash dishes. As this is quite a long letter, I will close.

JESSIE WILSON.

Moore's Mills, N. B.

Dear Friends: My papa takes the Farmer and I enjoy the children's column. For other papers we take The Lewiston Journal, The Mirror and Banner, The New York Tribune, and The National Tribune. Mamma takes the Christian Herald, and I take the Golden Rule. There has been no skating here this winter, but nice sliding, and my little brother and I have improved it as much as we could. I have been making patchwork this winter, basket pattern; I have forty-eight squares made and twenty-seven more to make. Any one wishing for a pattern, send me two cent stamps, to pay postage, and I will send them one. My school has not been keeping since last November. I shall be glad when it commences again. I will close by sending a riddle: A little house full of meat, and no door to go in and eat. Good bye.

ETHEL ROBBINS.

Riverside.

Dear Boys and Girls: I live on a farm of 200 acres. I am 13 years old. I have two sisters and no brothers. My sister's names are Mabel and Dora. For pets I have three sheep and a yoke of steers, one cat, and a dog. I have been going to school this spring; our teacher's name is Mr. Harry Littlefield of Belfast. For studies I have reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar and writing. Our school finished last Friday. We liked our teacher very much. I think the answer to Della L. Cummings' riddle is a watch. My father keeps three cows, two heifers, three horses, one hog, 75 hens and 78 sheep. It is very pleasant here to-day.

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Dear Boys and Girls: I have a little sister five years old; her name is Clara Hazel; she is very cunning. For pets I have a cat named Jack, and a bird named Pet. I have two dolls; their names are Olive and Jennie. Papa keeps two horses and a colt, their names are Frank, Kate and Nora; two cows, their names are Lina and Cherry; and a little boy. I like the young folks' column very much. I am nine years old this month.

ABIE E. DICKEY.

Easton.

Mr. Editor: I have three brothers and one sister. I am a boy fourteen years old. I have a dog, his name is Lion; and a cat, his name is Jack. My father is a butcher, but I don't help him much. I work out summer and go to school winters. Two of my brothers are at work in Boston. I help my other brother work up the wood. My father has but one horse; her name is Fleet. 4-5-12-18. 19-9-13-16-17-18-14.

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The price of Western corn at the time this was put into the crib was low, being about fifty cents a bushel, making the amount which Mr. Bowditch has saved by raising his own corn instead of buying it \$165.50.

The corn was planted very close, seventeen stalks in six feet, with rows three feet eight inches apart, on land that was badly run out, and which was cold and wet.

Mr. Bowditch says he considers \$8 a ton a very low valuation for the fodder, because, he claims, he can increase the flow of milk, and make just as good, and even better, butter than with hay, and, for this reason, considers the fodder worth at least \$12 a ton for home consumption; but \$8 per ton is about its market value. Mr. Bowditch also tells us that he planted another field of sixteen acres for fodder, but, as it got too dry to feed, he harvested about seven and one-half acres of it, which yield 900 baskets of corn on the ear and 30 tons of fodder. This land had been planted with corn for fifteen years out of the last seventeen, and, of late years, always with Stockbridge Corn Manure. The soil is very light, and any manure leaches right through it. Mr. Bowditch cultivates very much the same as his late father, who wrote in 1887: "The two things I should lay stress on are, first heavy rolling after planting (for I believe in drill culture) and second, using a smoothing harrow as soon as the rows can be plainly seen and before the weeds start, and keep it going longer than you think you ought to. One or two horse hoelings with the wheel harrow, and one or two with a single horse harrow, finish the labor."

73 1-2 Bushels Shelled Corn

per Acre, Was Grown

at the Town Farm, No. Reading, Mass., on Stockbridge Corn Manure, one ton being used on 3¼ acres of old pasture land, which yielded 366½ bushels of ears, equal to 73½ bushels shelled corn per acre. A photograph of this crop is shown in our new pamphlet.

grandpa has been sick all winter, and I help papa do his chores. I can shovel snow and do other work. Besides what I have mentioned, we have 6 sheep and 2 pigs. I live on a farm of 40 acres. I have 2 brothers and 1 sister. I am going to have a garden this summer.

BELFAST. HERBERT R. HILLS.

Dear Girls and Boys: I am only four years old, and my sister wanted me to help fill the column of the Farmer. I have one sister, her name is Annie. She has to write this letter for me. I know all my A B C's, and can spell a number of words, but have never been to school. I can wash dishes and wipe them, dust, and help make beds. Good-bye.

WARREN. BERTHA MERO.

New Postal Money Order.

On July 1, there will be for sale at the post office a new money order by which large and small sums can be transmitted by letter with safety and at rates much less than at present. Orders for \$2.50 or less can be had for 3 cents, and orders for larger amounts up to \$100 at rates graduated up to 30 cents.

The schedule of fees for the new money orders has been reduced to the basis now charged to the various express companies for transmitting money, and will be as follows: For \$2.50 or less, 3 cents; \$2.50 to \$5, 5 cents; \$5 to \$10, 8 cents; \$10 to \$20, 10 cents; \$20 to \$30, 12 cents; \$30 to \$40, 15 cents; \$40 to \$50, 18 cents; \$50 to \$60, 20 cents; \$60 to \$75, 25 cents; \$75 to \$100, 30 cents.

The postal note gives no security to the sender. Anybody can get one cashed simply by signing his name and presenting it for payment at any post office authorized to pay postal notes. The new money order, on the other hand, by a system of coupons serving as an effective check both upon purchaser and postmaster, is apt to prove a satisfactory solution of the long-mooted problem of retaining fractional currency for convenience in mail purchases.

BUXTON CTR. BLANCHIE L. BERRY.

Dear Girls: I have a little sister five weeks old; her name is Clara Hazel; she is very cunning. For pets I have a cat named Jack, and a bird named Pet. I have two dolls; their names are Olive and Jennie. Papa keeps two horses and a colt, their names are Frank, Kate and Nora; two cows, their names are Lina and Cherry; and a little boy.

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1894.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. B. Ayer is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in Cumberland County.

A. F. Carleton, Esq., of New York, is now
calling upon our subscribers in Waldo County.

Mr. T. J. Carle of Hollis Centre, is now
calling upon our subscribers in York County.

Mr. J. W. Knapton is now calling upon our
subscribers in Penobscot County.

The recent cold weather has done
great damage in the South, killing straw-
berries and early fruits and vegetables.

Said one of our old subscribers to a
traveling agent, "I would have the
Farmer if it cost me five dollars a year."

A woman and two children were found
dying of want by the Lowell, Mass.,
police recently.

The revolution in Brazil has collapsed,
and there is great rejoicing in that sec-
tion. This is the second or third time
it has collapsed since last fall.

The latest definition of a critic is one
whose business it is to show that others
cannot do perfectly what he cannot do
at all.

Thursday is Fast Day, and we go to
mass one half a day earlier on that ac-
count. The day will be observed in
Portland, Bangor and Lewiston by the
opening of the baseball season of '94.

The Portland Advertiser is to join the
ranks of the eight page publications and
it is understood that a complete change
in the make up will take place. This
will allow the oldest newspaper in Port-
land to give more space to the news of
the day, which it always presents to its
readers in a very creditable way.

"Patriots' Day," (Thursday of this
week) is to take place of Fast Day in
good Massachusetts. April 19th is the
anniversary of the commencement of the
Revolutionary War and also of the open-
ing of the year of 1861, making it ap-
propriate to celebrate on the new holiday
the birth of Liberty and Union.

The first tints of April green are seen
on some of the trees—willows, early
crab-apples, and other trees, a delicate,
misty robe of early spring, in keeping
with the notes of early spring time.
And then there are blended the hot and
cold air of April (mostly cold) unlike
that of any other month of the year.
Verily, spring is with us.

A valued subscriber in Atkinson, Ill.,
Mrs. P. M. Jeffers, in sending a copy of
the poem, "The Chameleon," adds:

"Mr. Jeffers and myself have just re-
turned from a most delightful trip to
California, it being his fourth visit and
my second to the State. All Californians
call this the coldest winter known there.
Still we found flowers blooming in open
air, and very little frost seen in the Santa
Clara valley where we spent some weeks."

Housekeepers should remember that
printed papers are one of the best and
cheapest most preventives they can get.
Articles wrapped up in newspapers, or
packed away in a trunk with plenty of
old newspapers placed around and
amongst them, will never be troubled by
moths. A carpet of old newspapers un-
der it will never be attacked by moths.
They seem to have an aversion to
printer's ink.

The Twof, Farm and Home as a trot-
ting horse park is rapidly swinging to
the front, and many have recognized
authority upon this special claim. We
would tender congratulations to Messrs.
Mayo and Hatch for the great improve-
ment manifest, regretting only that they
do not join hands with the Farmer in
pushing to the front the just claims of
the larger classes and the supreme im-
portance of the road horse industry, one
resting upon trotting blood, but cover-
ing a wider range of essential qualities.

The Christian Endeavor cottage at
Good Will Farm is assured for the com-
mon already received and that
pledged, and it will be built this spring.
It will be ready for use, aside from the
furnishings, about July 4th, can be used
at the summer assembly, July 15th to
August 1st, and dedicated on the anni-
versary of the other dedicatory services
at the farm, unless some other date shall
better please the Endeavorers. The fund
now amounts to \$1,090.38, and the full
amount needed will not be long in com-
ing.

This comes from a gentleman who has
traveled quite extensively in the Western
States; and the decision he reaches is
confirmed by the sad experience of many
who have wandered West from their
comfortable Eastern homes:

"Now as to the actual condition of the
average farmer as compared with, say
twenty-five years ago. Then what the
farmer had to sell brought more than
now; for this reason, that there was a
market at his door almost, and at his
own price, for the influx of immigrants
and the absence of railroads rendered
the demand equal to the supply. The
conditions are all changed—the many
producing, comparatively few buying
for home consumption. Riding through
the country, one sees but few newly-
painted houses. He will see many
painted years ago, when times were bet-
ter, sadly in need of a new coat now;
churches generally assisted by the home
missionary societies of different denom-
inations, wearing too often a sadly dilap-
idated and deserted look, and the appear-
ance of the people far oftener, in my ex-
perience, than at the East, indicating an
absence of hopefulness for the future and
a sort of dogged resignation to the in-
evitable. Do not forget that I am speak-
ing of the settlers in scattered settlements
on the prairie and in the timber. Many
a time, entering their dwellings, I have
found well-educated women from Eastern
homes, and many times have put the
question, 'Do you like Western life?' and
the answer has been, 'I wish we were
back East.' I do not recall an exception."

BETTER LIFE.

We know that the hours of Fast Day
are usually devoted to sports and recrea-
tion, but to thoughtful minds it should
lead to serious considerations. Could
we look into the hearts of the people as
we pass them on the streets, as we do
into their faces, and read the secret his-
tory there written in sadness and in
tears, of hopes crushed and prospects
blasted, of the experience they have of
walking amid the graves of buried
hopes, what a dreary wilderness of weird
specters would inhabit this region! Each
heart, bruised and broken, has seen
many of its dearest idols dashed to the
ground, never to rise again. Life begin-
ning and ending in a struggle—a
struggle to keep the head above water.

What do we amount to, only as we act
and live? To the millions the sphere of
action and duty is exceedingly narrow—
a mere span on the earth's surface. In a
few short years at most we lose our moor-
ing, and slip away, scarcely making a ripple
in the sea. If people would only rise above
the mean things of life, become stimu-
lated by broad and noble purposes, how
much happier the world would be, and
how much more lovely the smiles for all.

There are some softer features that
often rob death itself of its severest
pangs—the consciousness of duty faith-
fully performed to the dead and the living;
yet this is a poor recompense for the
wrong or the injustice that we may have
done that one who is removed be-
yond either praise or censure. Life is
made up of little things, true, trusted
and ever faithful. As kind words
smooth life's journey, so unselfish and
beautiful actions comprise those quali-
ties that we most admire in dignified
manhood, or most reverence in feminine
graces.

The murky atmosphere, "the skeleton
in the closet," about every heart, rests
there because once trusted and loved
ones have gone away and left a pang of
sorrow too deep to be obliterated. Why
look for perfection here, "amid these
earthly damps"? The grass withers
only to live again; dismal winter is
always followed by joyous spring; old
age totters onward to the grave; the
stars twinkle and fade away; the night
is succeeded by the morning; "to live"
is followed by "to die," in earth, sea and
sky; life and death walk hand in hand
on a pilgrimage to the tomb; life is
death's vestibule, the entrance to the
unknown.

Shall we, then, create sorrow, or scat-
ter smiles? Shall we make yearning
hearts glad, or bow them down in sor-
row? Shall we lift up the poor and
weak, or crush them as we go by? Shall
we breathe the breath of shame upon
the cheeks of the helpless and unfortu-
nate, or lend them a helping hand?
Shall we not, in the exercise of a gen-
erous nature, bid them God-speed in a
nobler, grander work? Reader, have
you done, and are you doing, your duty
to all? Answer it in the secret chambers
of your own conscience this Fast Day.

A PRIZE WORTH TRYING FOR.

Through the Maine State Agricultural
Society, the Whittman Agricultural
Society, Auburn, offer for the best two
acres of sweet corn grown in Maine in
1894 planted with "King of the Corn-
field" Corn Planter and Fertilizer Dis-
tributor, one "King of the Cornfield"
Planter, value, \$25.00, upon the follow-
ing conditions: A full statement must
be made by each contestant to Secretary
G. M. Twitchell, August 1st, on or before
November 1, 1894, giving quality and
condition of soil, kind of seed, and method
of planting, whether in hills or
drills, manner of plowing, cultivating
and treating the growing crop and of
harvesting, together with a sworn state-
ment as to the number of ears packed
from same, also will be required a state-
ment from the superintendent of the corn
canning factory canning the same.

The completeness of the statement taken
in connection with the yield, to deter-
mine the award, which will be made
December 1st, by a committee consisting
of Col. S. G. Jerrard, Levitt; Hon. W.
H. Vinton, Gray; A. C. T. King, St. Paul,
to whom all papers will be referred. Each
competitor must exhibit a trace of corn
not less than 24 ears, selected from the
two acres, at the Maine State Fair, Sep-
tember 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 1894. In-
dividuals intending to compete for this
grand prize will please notify the Sec-
retary on or before June 1st, 1894. All
are invited to compete.

Last year the statements furnished by
those contesting, and which were not only
interesting but valuable, and this season
the number of contestants should be
greatly increased. This enterprising firm
is doing well to thus provoke an in-
crease in the corn crop of Maine. Send
in your names and compete for this
grand prize.

Speaking of the officers of the steamer
Kennebec, the Richmond Bee says: "Mr.
Jessie Tuck, the veteran purser, is the
only man in the employ of the Kennebec
Steamboat Company who has refused to
accept the ten per cent. cut-down gener-
ously tendered by the directors. Mr.
Tuck, as we are informed, magnani-
mously declined the thank-offering, though
strenuously urged to accept his share of
it. The fact that he still holds his posi-
tion leads to the conclusion that he is a
valuable man, and that his employers are
aware of the fact."

The Executive Committee of the
Maine Intercollegiate and Athletic As-
sociation met in this city, Saturday, and
arranged for a grand athletic field day at
Waterville, June 9. Thornton Academy
was admitted to the association. Gard-
ner, Bangor, Waterville, Bowdoin,
Colby and Bates Colleges were repre-
sented at the meeting.

W. F. Hussey, the noted bear hunter
of Hudson, made a great capture a few
days ago, when he secured a large bear
and her three cubs. The old bear was in
prime condition and her fur was very
fine and valuable. Besides, about four
gallons of that staple commercial pro-
duct, bear's oil, was yielded by her other-
wise valuable carcass.

Ex-Governor D. F. Davis has been do-
ing a commendable work in having
planted seed of white pine on several
lots of land in and about Milford. It
will take about fifty years for this crop to be
come ready for the market.

DAYS OF TERROR.

The storm of Wednesday and Thurs-
day produced terror on the entire coast.
The great Brooklyn bridge rocked like a
cradle in the wind. The wind rushed
through the deserted streets of New
York city with hurricane force. Rain,
sleet, and blinding hail fell. The wind
swept up, down and across the rivers and
bays with terrific force. It was all
the staunchest ferry boats and most
powerful tugs could do to make slips
and docks. For sailing craft there was
no chance of living in the teeth of such
a gale, and none were to be seen on local
waters. On the Jersey and Long Island
coasts trees were uprooted, fences and
barns blown down, and much damage
done to small seagoing craft.

The heaviest snow storm of the season
raged, Wednesday, at Warsaw, N. Y. All
the roads were blocked.

The severe snow and sleet storm ex-
tended over the peninsula of Delaware,
killing the peach buds, and ruining other
crops.

The snow storm raged in Philadelphia
furiously. Telegraph and telephone
wires were prostrated.

Shipwrecked with merchandise from
foreign lands, schooners coasting on the
New England shores, sturdy fishermen, all
paid tribute to treacherous sand bars
that line the upper shores of Cape Cod.
The coast from Race Point to Monomoy
is strewn with remnants of ill-fated
schooners and cargoes. Forty-two lives
lost from vessels stranded on or near
Peaked Hill bar, Mass., 20 lives saved,
is the record for life saving stations in
that vicinity since last November.

Three hundred thousand dollars will not
cover the loss to property wrecked.

Near Asbury Park, N. J., the life sav-
ing patrol station saw through the storm
the outlines of a large ship on the beach.
At times she seemed to rise up when
some monster wave struck her, and then
fall back again. At noon the vessel was
still pounding the sands. The tide was
rising, and the great black hull seemed
to be creeping slowly near the long line
of mountainous breakers. Life-savers
attempted to launch life boats, but their
efforts were not crowned with suc-
cess. They shot life lines at the wreck,
aiming well up into the wind, but the
gale was too strong and the distance too
great.

No such storm as that of Thursday
was ever known in the vicinity of New
London, Conn., in what are considered
the warm weather months. The dam-
age will reach thousands of dollars.

The eastern end of Long Island had a
terrible experience, old mariners re-
porting the storm the worst in twenty
years, excepting the blizzard of 1888.

Great damage is reported at Greenport
and Sag Harbor. The schooner Nevada
was driven high and dry near Greenport.
The schooner Warren Gales is ashore at
Greenport. Docks and freight sheds at
Sag Harbor and Greenport suffered dam-
age by the unusually high tides and gale.

Capt. E. F. Trask, of the schooner
Melissa Trask, Ponce, P. R., for Port-
land, Me., with a cargo of molasses, put
into Salem harbor, Thursday morning.
About dusk, Wednesday night, the
schooner made Portland lights, but was
beaten out, and at dawn, Thursday,
sought shelter there. Capt. Trask re-
ports that about 10 A. M., Wednesday,
when northeast of Cape Cod, about 45
miles to sea, he saw a four-masted
schooner with her foremast and jib-
boom gone, hove to under close-reefed
sails, and saw a three-masted schooner
in company with the other. Both were
flying signals of distress. Capt. Trask
says it was the worst storm he ever ex-
perienced on the coast.

The schooner Flinders of Glen Cove,
L. I., for Block Island, went ashore at
Stratford breakwater, Bridgeport, Conn.,
early Thursday morning. The crew
mistook Stratford light for the light-
house at the Middle ground. Five men
aboard escaped with great difficulty,
and found shelter at Stratford light-
house. The vessel went to pieces rapidly.

Our own State shared somewhat in the
gale and gloomy storm that lasted
several days, but there was less of dis-
aster here than in other States.

YORK POMONA.

York Pomona Grange meets at Hollis
with Hollis Grange No. 132, on Fast Day,
April 19th. There are half rates of fare
on the Portland & Rochester R. R. from
Springvale to Gorham inclusive. The
members are to have the privilege of ven-
tilating the following question by Maple
forenoon: "Do the wives of farmers
exert as much influence as those of
business and professional men?" After-
noon—General question: "What crop
will yield the largest net money profit
to the farmers of York county?" Those
designated to take part are L. O. Straw
of Newfield; E. M. Dearborn of Parsons-
field; J. H. Chapman of Elmwood;
J. H. H. Owen, E. C. Carle
of Gorham, Joseph Harper, W. B. Deor-
ing, J. W. Hayes of Hollis; Jacob
Smith of Alton; and others to be
called on by the Lecturer. The May
meeting has been called for by Maple
wood.

We are pleased to announce that we
have engaged the services of Mr. Thom-
as J. Carle of Hollis Centre to canvass
in York county for the Maine Farmer.
He will settle with our present sub-
scribers, and we have no doubt add largely
to the list of our patrons in that section.
He is an intelligent, active and reliable
farmer and business man, with an ex-
tensive acquaintance, a gentleman whom
the people will be pleased to meet at
their homes. We have no doubt of Mr.
Carle's success.

The report of the Superintendent of
the State Reform School shows that of
the 36 boys sent to the school the past
year, 21 were sent there on account of
larceny, 4 truancy, 3 common runaway, 1
vagrancy, 2 assault, 1 malicious mischief,
3 breaking and entering, 1 arson. Port-
land sent 7 of them, Rockland 3, Bangor
2, Bath 3, Biddeford 3.

Ex-Senator Tabor of Colorado, who was
very rich a few years ago, is making
a hard fight to save his property in Den-
ver from foreclosure. The ups and
downs of fortune.

Two sailing vessels have just ended a
voyage of 137 days from New York to
San Francisco only a few hours apart.

At the big dog show in that city, a
well known lawyer of New York had to
buy a Japanese spaniel for his wife.
She had seen the dog show, and that dog
it. He did not know much about dogs,
and he thought that \$50 was a good deal
of money to pay for such a little thing
as this puppy was, but he gave the money
cheerfully to please Mrs. Lawyer.

Then the dog got ill. There was
consternation in the lawyer's house, and
the man who had sold the dog was sent
for. He said the creature was all right,
that it only needed a little careful
nursing. He took it away to put it with
his little brothers and sisters. Then he
sent a note saying that the puppy was
dead. Then he sent a bill of \$15 for
docketing it. The lawyer says that the
man probably has the puppy, the \$50
paid for it, and the \$15 of doctor's bills,
but he does not tell his wife his suspi-
cions. He is afraid that she will go to
make an investigation and find another
\$50 puppy which she liked. The lawyer
is willing to "rest."

There was a queer turn to a wedding
the other night in Philadelphia in which
Abraham Thayer and Miss Estelle Flagler
were principals. The minister had
reached that point when he turned to
the bride-elect and said, interrogatively:
"You take this man as your lawful
husband," etc. She answered: "No, sir.
I do not. You are the first man who has
asked my opinion on the matter. Mr.
Thayer has been courting my mother
for more than a year. I thought it
was herself he wanted, but it appears
that he only wanted her consent that he
might marry me, and she concluded to
compel me to wed him."

The minister then said: "This ends it.
I have no power to bind any one against
his or her will."

The crowd broke up, cheering for the
spirited girl.

The only important business transacted
by Congress the past week was the
adoption of the rules of the 51st Congress,
to count the members present, whether
they vote or not, in determining whether
a quorum is present. These have been
known as ex-Speaker Reed's rules. They
were adopted by a vote of 212 yeas, to
47 nays. Mr. Springer, in introducing
them said, "the proposed rule contem-
plated no change of the constitution; it
was only a proposition whereby the
House could do business for which the
members were sent here. The House
has sat here for the two months past,
and has done scarcely two days' work."
He said he hailed the adoption of the
rule as the dawn of a better era in Ameri-
can legislation.

On our fifth page we have the attrac-
tive announcement of Bradley's Com-
plete Manures for all crops. They have
special fertilizers adopted to special
crops, as for instance, for potatoes and
vegetable, for corn and grain, for top-
dressing grass and grain. So that the
farmer, in arranging for his operations
this spring, may purchase just the fer-
tilizer he desires for the distinctive crop
he may wish to cultivate. These ferti-
lizers are just exactly what they are re-
presented to be. No farmer will think
of compounding his own commercial
fertilizers, when he can so easily avail
himself of the scientific mixtures which
this reliable company places within his
reach.

On Monday, Mr. Howard B. Abbott of
Yassalboro reached the 77th anniversary
of his birth-day. And what is remark-
able, during his long and busy life, he
has never been sick a single day, and has
never taken medicine. The doctors
would starve in a community composed
of such men. Having spent the winter
this city with his daughter, Mrs. W.
E. S. Whitman, he returned home,
Tuesday, and will at once resume his
farming operations. Mr. Abbott is one
of the valued contributors to our col-
umns.

William Parker, who died in Martins-
ville, Ind., the other day at the age of 94,
is survived by his wife, aged 92, and 24
of 27 children which had been born to
the couple. Mr. Parker had requested
that there be no funeral services, and
that his body should be taken to the
cemetery in an ordinary farm wagon,
and his wish was gratified.

A LaGrange farmer was lately victim-
ized by a swindler who advertised for a
farm and when an answer was sent not-
ified the owner that before considering
the application a deposit of \$5 from the
farmer would be necessary as a guaran-
tee of good faith. The LaGrange man
was so unwise as to send the money and
of course hasn't heard from the adver-
tiser since.

In Fall Creek township, Ind., some
months ago, the colt of Farmer Fowler
ran away and knocked down a part of
Farmer Mittant's fence. A suit for \$1.50
damages followed. The lawyers' fees
and costs up to date amount to \$600, and
the case has only reached the circuit
court.

A New York florist is the proud pos-
sessor of a pink carnation eight feet in
diameter, which is fifty years old. He
says \$200 would not buy it. He also
says \$100 for a white one six feet in
diameter, and thirty years old.

The full description of a farmer's
model barn as given on the second page
will repay a careful perusal by every
reader of the Farmer interested in suc-
cessful stock husbandry.

"The weather we have had this week
reminds me of a mattress I bought at
auction a while ago."

"How so?"

"Why, there was no spring in it."

After waiting for the storm to sub-
side, the steamer Kennebec arrived at
Gardiner from Boston, on Saturday noon,
with the largest freight she has carried
for two years.

A New York doctor makes his daily
rounds on a bicycle. He is a physician
who wheels himself before he heals
others.

Gov. Greenhalge of Massachusetts has
issued a proclamation setting apart
Thursday, April 26, to be observed as
Arbor day.

Coxey's "Army" has reached Cumber-
land, Md.

Spring snow is the farmer's fertilizer.

Superior Court at Augusta.

Demurrals were filed in quite a
number of liquor cases, putting off the
"evil day" when they will "step up to
the captain's office and settle."

Arthur Smith of Oakland, was ar-
raigned on an indictment for larceny of
money from the person of George Carson,
and pleaded not guilty.

Tibbets Cochrane was brought in and
retracted his plea of not guilty to the
indictment against him for robbery from
George Carson, and pleaded guilty.

John Dunphy, on an old case of common
seller, with an allegation of former con-
viction, paid fine and costs amounting to
\$215.00.

Peter A. Houlihan, on a case of com-
mon seller, with allegation of former
conviction, paid \$215.00 as the fine and
costs.

Frank McAleer, on a common seller
case, with allegation of former conviction,
paid a fine and costs amounting to
\$215.00.

George W. Williams in a case of com-
mon seller paid a fine of \$115.00.

John E. Deehan, liquor nuisance,
on the term, paid \$102.50 and costs.

John Burns, Jr. paid \$230.30 for a li-
quor nuisance and common seller, old
case.

R. C. Hall paid \$215.00 on a case of
common seller.

Dennis Pether paid \$100.00 on a nuisance
case and \$112.50 on a common seller,
found at this term.

George W. Heseltine, counsel for George
Smith, charged with manslaughter, re-
moved to the next term, on an indictment
with the process of the court to procure
witnesses. He was granted his request,
with the express understanding that the
State would not pay for expert testimony.

William Corbett retracted his plea of not
guilty to an indictment for burglary and
larceny, and pleaded guilty. The govern-
ment entered a nolo pro. as to the
breaking and entering, and as there were
extenuating circumstances, and the
smallness of the property, the court
found for the defendant.

Michael Burns paid \$100.00 as a fine
and costs on a case of liquor nuisance
found at a former term.

Henry Greely pleaded nolo contendere
to an indictment for assault and battery
and his case was continued for sentence.

Joseph Cloutier paid fine and costs
amounting to \$110.00, on an indictment
found at a former term for maintaining
a liquor nuisance.

The time of the Court was consumed
for four days on a case arising among the
French population of Waterville.

State vs. Frank D. Haskell. Indict-
ment for assault and battery upon Van
R. Neal of China, Sept. 22, 1872. Ver-
dict, guilty.

Gilbert Gaudreau paid a fine of \$150
and costs on an old case of liquor nu-
isance.

Joseph Cloutier paid \$100 and costs
on an old case of common seller.

George H. Reynolds paid \$200 and
costs on a case of common seller.

Geo. W. Bushley filed a demurrer to an
indictment for liquor nuisance, found at
this term.

The Good Templars.

At the annual meeting held in this
city, last week, the following officers
were chosen:

Grand Chief Templar—Rev. E. W. Webber,
Bangor.

Counselor—J. A. Cairns, West Kennebunk.

Recorder—J. L. B. Wheeler, Bangor.

Grand Secretary—Geo. E. Brackett, Belfast.

Treasurer—Geo. W. Master, Sidney.

Superintendent of Juvenile Temples—Mrs.
E. E. Cain.

Grand Marshal—A. C. Hamilton, Rockland.

The net loss to the order this year is
33 lodges, 3000 membership.

A vote was passed looking to the mak-
ing of Neal Dow's birthday a national
holiday.

It was voted to hold the next semi-
annual session in Madison, during the
month of October.

The Silver Trial.

The case of State vs. George F. Silver,
for manslaughter of Charles Blinn at
Horse Shoe pond, was taken up in the
Superior Court, in this city, Tuesday
morning, and the respondent retracted
his plea of not guilty, and pleaded nolo
contendere. An important witness in
the person of E. R. Clary was put upon
the stand by the defence. He told a
story that confirmed the evidence pre-
viously given by Silver and Wakefield.

If his story is true, the affair was a
drunken scrape all round, and no
murder was committed. The testimony
gave a great sensation in the court-
room.

A Buddhist "Life of Christ" of im-
mense interest to the religious world,
has been discovered in a monastery in
Thibet by Nicholas Novitch, a Russian
traveler. He tried vainly to negotiate
for its purchase. He happened to break
a leg and was taken to a monastery.

While there a lama read to him the pre-
cious record, which in the Palladian
language, and Novitch took down a full
translation. Christ is known to the
Buddhists as the Prophet Issa.

We publish on our second page the
poem "The Chameleon," called for by
our correspondent "Perley." Some
twenty correspondents responded. Our
experience teaches us that it won't do
to have many calls of this kind, as it in-
volves too much unnecessary labor on
the part of our readers and correspond-
ents.

There are hundreds of horsemen in
Maine who should be actively interested
in the grand list of stakes and races ad-
vertised by Rigby Park Association, and
enterprise merits recognition. Give the
managers of these tracks a generous list
of entries and so boom the horses of
Maine.

James Bragg of Hawkinsville, Ga.,

Items of Maine News

by miles of streets, and sidewalks within Newell Farming, the force of the ad for thirty years. at Waterville, on a road, at a road.

The Tool Company is of scythes and corn.

atism was administered at the Baptist Sunday, and all after to the church.

the stockholders of y it was voted to ge H. Young, who

er will preach the Heath Post, O. A. Universalist church, Memorial day.

Albee, of the kin-outh Gardiner, was by a slab that the saw, mak-

the Hallowell granite is legs and ankles was driving a team, the quarry, when a it upon him.

Whitman of Colby has been engaged in a day address at Chautauque As- Aug. 9.

the wife of Rev. W. R. Carr, a carpenter, Carr, formerly re- committed suicide recently, recently, work for home was encouraged. He leaves children.

ed, Friday morning, E. Hovey at Wor- day morning. The youngest son of Ebene- born in Hallowell, triangular piece of circular saw, hitting

who operate the Hallowell Granite Co. consigned to New one is a handsome is the first sent to do as this season, and privilege of Leigh &

of Warren Ware d a narrow escape the other day. He and paper over it and held a can in his ring powder, which ed" onto the paper and the mother succeeded in putting e hands were as doing as well as

ate Oloffe G. Wahl- been previously for Equ, and Andrew as the executors, always said, in his male relative, (the-), and bequests are made: dollars each to Universalist Society, the Sabbath school, and Public Library, to one thousand indly expression of heart, and will be the beneficiaries.

occurred at the d depot in Water, by which F. W. fe, lost his life. from Bangor was ot he rushed from d to board of the d of the rear handle the force of the him between the xt car. Two cars allmost separating d of the State. The man had been d was held, and the e lost his life "by board of a moving d of the falling d and being run- "

on of Monmouth, we announced last one of the leading sons of the State, in that town Satur- effects of an attack ear ago.

the de-est gardiner, Mr. are Simpson and Est- system was to raise d bills to tens, and they passed a number of them. They had a full outfit for changing the bills, and they did a very neat job. They will be bound over to the United States Court.

Quite a stir has been made in that vicinity over the arrest of eleven residents of North Anson village for participating in lotteries in which bicyclists and horse drivers, the proprietors and those who drew the prizes were arrested and tried Thursday morning before a trial justice. No one appearing against the prisoners, they were discharged. The complaint was made by the clergy of the village.

The following men having the highest rank in the senior class at Bowdoin College have received provisional commencement appointments: A. V. Bliss, Bangor; E. Briggs, Mechanic Falls; W. E. Currier, Leicester, Mass.; F. G. Farrington, Augusta; C. A. Flagg, Sand- wich, Mass.; F. H. Knight, Deerfield; J. Libby, Richmond; G. A. Merrill, Foxcroft; F. W. Pickard, Portland; E. M. Simpson, Newcastle.

Edwin F. Curtis, second mate of the barkentine Belmont, lost on Cape Cod during the gale, son of Capt. Andrew Curtis of Bowdoinham, was 24 years of age. He had to leave Colby University on account of his eyes, having had a severe attack of grip in the winter of 1891 and 1892, which affected them, preventing study. This was the last voyage he was to make, as it was his intention to enter the law school in New York in October.

The eightieth anniversary of North Yarmouth Academy, in Yarmouth, will be observed some time during the month of June. The exact date has not been finally fixed. This old academy has many distinguished alumni, among them General O. O. Howard, Congressman Charles A. Boutelle, Charles Parsons, the great New York railroad magnate, and others. It is thought that both General Howard and Congressman Boutelle will be present, and it is quite like- ly that one or both of them may take part in the exercises.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

Spring Medicine

If you have not "Wintered Well,"
If you are Tired, Weak, Nervous,
If your Blood is Thin or Impure, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It expels all Humors and Germs of Disease,
Creates an Appetite, gives Nerve Strength,
Makes the Weak Strong, aids Digestion, and

Purifies the Blood

Do not be induced to buy
any substitute. Be sure to get

HOOD'S and HOOD'S

Reported for the Maine Farmer.
PRINCETON GRANGE.

The Grange met Saturday evening, April 17th, in the pleasant little hall at West Princeton. The occasion was an open Grange meeting for the entertainment of some of our friends whom we invited to show them how pleasant it is to talk over the interesting subjects of practical farming. The meeting was opened by the song, "Happy are We Tonight, Friends," followed by a poem read by sister Mabel A. Dresser. Bro. E. E. Edgerley read an essay on "Potatoes, and the mode of cultivating them." He told us that the potato is a native of South America, and was first cultivated as an ornamental plant in a flower garden. They were formerly beyond the means of the poor, but now, like all our Father's great blessings, may be had by the humblest of His children. We can hardly realize the many ways in which they are used as a food, and if any one has the ear ache, what will cure it as quickly as the hot baked potato? In the market they bring the good, clean cash. The old-fashioned methods of cultivation were compared with the present mode, the laborious, back-aching work with the hand hoe, and the careful "dropping," the task of the "small boy," (whose father was particular to have them eyes all up or else eyes all down, according to his peculiar notion.) We are all contrasted with the present use of the horse hoe, the cultivator and the planter, with which some of our members make the furrow, drop seed and fertilizer, and cover an acre in one hour, doing better work than by hand. He gave us the exact figures of an account which he kept with an acre of potatoes, showing that with improved modes of cultivation, and mixing brains with the work, the farmer can raise one bushel of potatoes for eighteen cents. Surely the Grange is teaching us that there is profit in raising potatoes even in Washington county!

Brother Willis R. Dresser made some remarks comparing Aroostook county with this. He thinks that even though we must admit that they can produce potatoes cheaper than we can, yet we have a great advantage over them in fruit and many other crops. He called forth some discussion and questions in which Bros. S. B. Sprague, Mr. Joshua Carle and some of the visitors took part. It is true that we have not as good marketing advantages as Aroostook, but why? Because we have so little to sell. Let any one or more of our farmers produce two or three thousands barrels of potatoes, or some other such crop, and there would soon be a Boston, Portland, Bangor or New York man looking for a chance to buy them. We are not confined to our little town market. The farmer has as good a chance to ship his goods as the merchant or manufacturer. The only question is "will he have anything to ship?"

Bro. D. Dresser, Jr., read an article on "Corn Culture." We learned that one acre in corn will yield more feeding value than four acres in any other crop. Bro. Dresser proved this last year. Surely it is worth our time to study corn culture.

Sister Addie W. Sprague read a selection on the blessings of toil, and the benefit of the Grange as a source to sweeten the hardships of labor on the farm, furnishing the fellowship and society so necessary to the development of character and disposition of both brothers and sisters. Declaration by Bro. W. J. Brown. Reading by Sister Vattie Crosby. Bro. J. W. Edgerley, Jr., gave us some instruction, entitled, "The Grange, its origin, growth and benefits; what it has done, and what it is doing at the present time." We can truly say that our members are better farmers and better men for belonging to the Grange.

The meeting was closed by the singing of "America," followed by the cordial hand-shaking of the patrons.

For the Maine Farmer.
DR. LAPHAM, AND OTHER MATTERS.

BY SLOCUM.

The late Dr. Wm. B. Lapham we very well remember as a genial and capable Lieutenant in the Twenty-Third Maine, and also as a guest at my residence on March 3d, 1869, when he instituted the well known Invincible lodge of Good Templars, which has survived him, and which to-day contains several children of parents then initiated. This organization of his creation has had remarkable growth and prosperity, being now foremost among the early lodges of the State, containing nearly 140 members, and nearly 3000 volumes in its library. The library is mainly due to the beneficent efforts of Rev. Lucien M. Robinson of Philadelphia, who formerly resided near this place, and who still remembers with pleasure the scenes of his boyhood

days. The lodge has recently purchased the hall in which most of its meetings have been held for the past twenty-five years. Only five charter members now remain as members still. A flourishing sewing circle connected with it meets once in two weeks, and have a social, pleasant occasion. Scores of lodges have expired since this one was instituted. Invincible lives.

Farmers' institutes that have been held in Oxford county and vicinity during the past winter have generally been well attended and instructive. We had the pleasure of attending at W. Minot and Canton, and the interest in them was manifest. Now, as the scene of spring farming is opening, let farmers generally test the practical ideas there advanced. Try a piece of corn with dressing plowed under the sward, and also a piece with manure harrowed in. We believe still in raising corn and utilizing the fodder. Let farmers depend more upon their own products, and curtail somewhat the immense drain of the farm that goes to fatten grain gamblers' pockets. If not too far from a corn canning factory, it may pay better to grow sweet than yellow corn, for the fodder is richer, and can be cared for earlier. On old farms, where the hay crop is lighter than years ago, corn fodder will very materially help out.

One thing in favor of raising corn is, that there is always a home market for all the growth attained. The goods don't get out of style.

ACCIDENTS.

Mr. James B. McTaggart of Brooks met with a serious accident recently. He started to go down the stairs into his barn cellar and fell some six feet, breaking two ribs and seriously injuring himself.

Charles Hayden, contractor on stone, while blasting in a quarry two miles out of Lewiston, Friday, was horribly injured by a premature discharge of the blast. He had blown out a hole three times and was putting in a seam charged made by corner blast. It is supposed that a piece of burning fuse remained in the seam. Hayden was pouring powder from a can into the seam and holding the can in front of his stomach when the explosion occurred. He was blown 80 feet into the field. His clothing was torn from his body. His flesh was horribly burned and he was removed to the Central Maine General Hospital, where he died Saturday night. His age was 37. He was a wife and two children.

George Gray of South Durham cut a gash in his knee about two inches long Saturday, the wound requiring several stitches.

What came near being a serious accident happened at North Appleton, when Isaac Hall, one of Keno's & Co. employees, tried to slip a six inch belt in their grist mill with his foot. His foot ran in with the belt, throwing him, but he fortunately escaped with only severe sprains and bruises.

Harry Brown, a 13-year-old colored boy, while fooling with a pistol, Saturday, in the house of Wm. Perry in Bath, accidentally shot Perry's sister, inflicting a bad wound. Brown was arrested but was released when it was shown that the shooting was accidental.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

The dates of the annual fair of the Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural Society are Sept. 18, 19 and 20.

E. E. DUNBAR, Sec'y.

Damariscotta.

Samuel V. Philbrick of Belfast raised 5000 head of merchantable calves last season, and is now shipping them to Bangor and Boston.

The Androscoggin County Fair will be held at Livermore Falls, Aug. 28, 29 and 30.

One good result of the building of the B. & A. R. R., is that farmers in Smyrna can now buy their phosphate some two or three dollars per ton cheaper than formerly, as it has cost that sum to have it brought from Houlton, which was the nearest railroad station. Now commercial fertilizers will be used and more potatoes.

Potatoes have been up to \$2.00 recently at Fort Fairfield.

The cheese factory at East Dixfield is progressing slowly and surely. The company have organized, and purchased the site, and made some preparations for setting it, and got the most of their timber to the mill.

A large amount of pressed hay is being shipped to Boston from the Kennebec region.

GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

The members of Granite Grange at North Searsport, turned out and cut F. A. Spaulding's wood pile, after which a good supper was served.

Granite Grange, North Searsport, held a harvest feast the other evening in honor of eighteen fourth degree members, and more are coming. Worthy Master Boyd knows his business, and attends to it. Granite Grange is in a very flourishing condition. There are now 100 members, and new ones are taken in at nearly every meeting.

Kennebec Pomona Grange meets with Cascade Grange, Oakland, Wednesday, April 25th, at 10 o'clock. Programme: 1, opening exercises; 2, business; 3, discussion of any question that may be presented by a member of the Grange present; recess for dinner. P. M.—1, "Is the Grange accomplishing the work designed by its originators?" by Dr. G. M. Twitchell; 2, "Is it the cow or the feed that gives quality to milk?" opened by W. H. Keith, Winthrop. Questions to be followed by discussion. Good music will be furnished by the Grange choir.

The following preamble, and resolutions, on the death of Rosette Robbins, wife of George A. Robbins, and an aged member of Cushnoc Grange, were adopted at the meeting of that order on April 11th.

Brothers and sisters of Cushnoc Grange, your Memorial Committee having attended to the duty assigned them, respectfully submit the following report:

Whereas, He who rules in the affairs of heaven and earth, has seen fit to call to his measure of his days, and whose call all must obey, has summoned another worthy sister from our number to join the great army of those who have crossed the deep river;

Therefore, Resolved, that in the death of sister Rosette Robbins, Cushnoc Grange loses another charter member; one, though the intimacies of age deprived her of the privilege of meeting with us, in our Grange home, yet whose interest in our organization, and fast; a sister whose bountiful hospitality the members of the Grange have enjoyed, and at whose hand the Grange has received many gifts.

Resolved, that we submissively bow to the will of Him, who ordereth all things aright, and that we extend our deepest sympathies to our aged brother, who has, for so many years enjoyed the companionship of an affectionate wife, but is now left to finish life's journey alone.

Resolved, that we commend him to the keeping of one who will be to him a supporting staff, even to the end.

Mrs. O. H. Brown.

Mrs. O. P. Robbins.

Mrs. J. M. Cross.

Sagadahoc Grange, Bowdoin, have got a copy of their times and intend to enlarge their hall this spring.

Maple Grange, North Waldoboro, is receiving many tokens of sympathy from its sister Grangers in its loss by fire. They have quite a comfortable and cosy little hall fitted up at W. R. Robbins, which answers their purpose very well at present.

Houlton Grange, P. of H., celebrated the 20th anniversary of their organization on Saturday, April 14th. A very interesting and profitable programme was carried out. So far this year has been a very prosperous one. Twenty-two new members have been added, and nearly as many more are soon to join.

The order is equally as prosperous in some other parts of the State. The report of State Secretary F. A. Allen for the year 1893 is as follows: Whole number of Granges in the State of Maine, 215; number of members, 16,221. No other organization has ever done so much for the farmer and his family.

Maine Pensions.

The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

ORIGINAL.
Leonard H. Morse, Farmer, Andover.
George Fore, National Military Home.
Joseph H. Barstow, Damariscotta.
John McGargie, National Military Home.
John K. P. Fort, Saco.
Gale F. Estes, Bath.
Henry Richardson, Lewiston.
Hendford's second, Lewiston.
Albert Haley, Old Orchard.
Charles H. Smith, Lewiston.
Benj. F. Butman, Auburn.
Wm. H. Tins, Portland.
Edmund W. Ferris, Togus.
George S. Green, Bridgton.
John H. Gray, Bangor.
Henry Nutt, Fryeburg.

ADDITIONAL.
Henry F. Tilton, Newport.
Gerry S. Smith, Litchfield Corner.
Timothy O'Brien, National Military Home.
H. H. Pratt, Westbrook.
Lewis Fryalburg, Togus.

REBURE.
James Mishoe, Presque Isle.
George Fore, National Military Home.
Togus.
John Dennis, National Military Home.
Fete Leonard, National Military Home.
Togus.

ORIGINAL WIDOWS, ETC.
Sarah J. Carron, Portland.
Hannah S. Hooper, Goodwin's Mills.
Clara M. Crockett, East Turner.
Cornelia A. Griswold, Rockland.
Caroline H. Sargent, Lewiston Centre.
Emma J. Kenton, Liberty.
Betsey A. Dyer, New Sharon.
Minors of Geo. W. Greenlaw, Sprague's Mills.

SUPPLEMENTAL.
John M. Jackson, Lewiston.
Thomas J. Galvin, Togus.

Geo. Small of North Jay cut a dangerous gash in his foot which bled profusely, rendering it necessary to cord the leg to stop the flow of blood until a doctor could be procured to take up the arteries and dress the wound.

J. W. Nealley's little daughter of Ella-town, fell down a flight of stairs last Tuesday, and received a bad cut in the face.

Bradley's Complete Manures

FOR ALL CROPS.

THESE manures are the richest and most concentrated fertilizers sold, as has been abundantly proved by actual results in the field. They are manufactured from the very best plant-food materials obtainable. In mechanical condition they are unequalled, and drill perfectly in any machine. They are divided into three "classes," based upon exhaustive field tests and not upon theoretical experiments of the laboratory, the fault of "special crop fertilizers," in which common sense and practical experience are sacrificed for the sake of theoretical hobbies.

Bradley's Complete Manures are in the fullest sense "complete" fertilizers, and the three grades furnish complete plant-food in the best forms for all crops grown.

Bradley's Complete Manure

FOR POTATOES AND VEGETABLES

Is particularly rich in ammonia and potash, and has given phenomenal results in growing large crops of the best quality of potatoes, onions, carrots, cabbages, squashes, melons, etc. It is the Market Gardener's favorite.

Bradley's Complete Manure

FOR CORN AND GRAIN

CONTAINING a larger percentage of available phosphoric acid, but with less potash than the Potato and Vegetable Manure, is especially recommended for growing large crops of fully matured corn and grain. It has never been equalled by any "special" fertilizer for these crops.

Bradley's Complete Manure

FOR TOP-DRESSING GRASS AND GRAIN

THIS fertilizer contains a very large amount of nitrogen in quickly available form, and therefore imparts to grass and grain, when applied as a top-dressing in the early spring, a quick, vigorous start, and ensures early maturity.

These Fertilizers are always sold with the full Brand and Analysis plainly printed on each bag; there is, therefore, no opportunity to substitute one brand for another by a mere change of tags.

We manufacture fertilizers of ALL GRADES and FOR ALL CROPS; and, being the LARGEST MANUFACTURERS in the world, our facilities for furnishing all kinds of fertilizers and agricultural chemicals at the lowest prices are absolutely unequalled. See our agents or write us before purchasing.

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W. H. GANNETT, NATHAN W. COLE,
W. M. HEATH, W. M. FAIR,
JAMES KIRKMAN, CHAS. H. WHITE,
F. S. LYMAN, L. J. CROOKER.

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Burglar Proof Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent at Lowest Rates.

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Open Daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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for Genuine Patent

Medicines at

PARTRIDGE'S

"Old Reliable Drug Store, Opp. the P. O."

Paine's Celery Compound, 75 cents

Hood's Sarsaparilla, 75 cents

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Dana's Sarsaparilla, 75 cents

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Beef, Iron and Wine, Wyeth's, 90 cents

Beef, Iron and Wine, Wyeth's, 90 cents

Beef, Iron and Wine, Wyeth's, 90 cents

The Planet Jr. Implements:

We carry in stock a full line of the celebrated PLANET JR. IMPLEMENTS, including Seed Drills, Double and Single Wheel Hoes, Cultivators, etc. Full illustrated catalogue and price list mailed to all in want of goods of this kind. Send for it.

THE FOSTER PERFECT BROADCAST SEEDER and Fertilizer Distributor; the latest machine on the market for the sowing of all kinds of Grass Seed, Grain, Fertilizers, Ashes, Plaster, etc. We have also a hand seeder at very low price.

Send for circulars, naming implement wanted.

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"BUFFALO PITTS" DISC HARROW.

DAIRY SUPPLIES. WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK IN MAINE.

NEW MODEL SEED DRILL.

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SEEDS FOR THE FARM & GARDEN. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

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Poetry.

THE LONELY CABIN HOME.

When the day is slowly dying and the twilight shadows fall,
When the stars begin to twinkle in the sky,
I'm sitting and weeping in my lonely cabin home
Dreaming of the happy days gone by.

When I wandered through the heather with
my darling by my side,
As the golden summer days went gliding by,
We dreamed not that those happy hours
soon would pass away.

That love's fairest flower so soon in death
could lie.
Ere autumn's frost had tinged the leaves,
and the summer birds had flown,
My woodland home became my happy bride,
And took her in her bridal robes,
To a fold in his hillside home.

And when the birds were singing their happy
evening songs,
And the sun was slowly sinking in the West,
We wrapped her in her bridal robes,
and laid her in the tomb.
With the golden hearted lilies on her breast.

And now I'm sad and weary, in my lonely
cabin home,
While my heart is slowly breaking with its
pain.
I'm waiting with impatience for the well-
come day to dawn,
When they make my grave beside her on
the plain.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMB.

In the Scottish hills as a shepherd strolled,
From his dog he was not far,
He found a lamb that was chilled and young,
By the side of a purring brook.

And thro' fear that the lamb might be stricken
by cold,
From its mother's side he took it,
And carried it with a tender care,
To a fold in his hillside home.

'Mid the dreary nights, o'er the craggy peaks,
Through the winds, and the storms, and the rain,
The mother followed her captured lamb,
To the door of the shepherd's fold.

Once I had a lamb by its mother's side,
It was ardent, pure and true,
'Till the pale, little blue-eyed child
Took the lamb in the mist of God.

With a fearful eye and bleeding heart,
We must bear it and struggle on,
And climb that mount by the Shepherd's
track,
To the fold where our lamb is gone.

Our Story Teller.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

The last boat of the season going
south was slowly picking its way
through the accumulating blocks of ice
floating down from the great
north, and the ponderous
wheel at the rear would cease to re-
volve, then as the great engines would
be reversed the wheel would turn
backward, extricating the prow from
the threatening ice, then veering to
the right or left would again move
forward.

The captain, who had for twenty
years plowed up and down the grand
old Mississippi, a hale fellow well
met with old water dogs, looked a little
anxious, for he was desirous of reach-
ing Keokuk that night to lay by for
the winter. But there were the treacher-
ous rapids, with their hidden rocks
and swirling eddies between him and
his port. It was dusk when the boat
rounded the bend at Nauvoo and came
in sight of the rapids stretching away
to the south for a distance of nearly
twelve miles. So far as the govern-
ment was concerned, the navigation
season was closed, and the signal
lights, telling of hidden dangers, were
not burning. Here and there along
the shore could be seen faint lights
telling where the barge houses, the
homes of the men who were working
on the canal then being built, were
moored to the river's bank.

The passengers were gathered near
the pilot-house watching the move-
ments of the boat with an eager
interest. The boat was a fine one,
the pilot swung the wheel
around, and slowly the prow turned
shoreward, much to the disgust of the
deck hands, who did not relish the idea
of another night of the season to be
spent at a town like Montrose.

There was one passenger watching
the movements of the boat with an
eager, agonized face, who burst into
tears as the boat turned in its course
and made for the shore.

She was the only lady on board, and
mindful of her lonely situation.

Night was fast approaching and the
captain, moved to unwelcome sympathy,
paused in his peering up and down,
inquire, in a softened tone, if he could
be of service.

She hesitated for a moment, then,
gaining courage as she noted the
rugged yet kindly face, said:

"I must reach Keokuk this evening.
My husband was shot on the last
tonight. I must be there or I shall
lose it. Is there no way of crossing
the rapids?"

"A skiff would crush like an eggshell
in that heavy ice over yonder," replied
the captain, "yet—he eyed the lady
curiously—"is it so important?"

"It is a matter of life and death to
me." Her voice was low and solemn.
"If there is one chance in a thousand,
I am willing to risk it. Here," she ten-
dered a hundred dollar bill, "give this
to the man who is ready to take that
chance."

The captain turned gruffly away,
pretending not to see the proffered
money, and was soon in deep conver-
sation with the pilot. "You see," ex-
plained that worthy, "it would be dan-
gerous enough even in daylight, and at
night it is a thundering big risk. Even
if we clear the rapids safely, I doubt
if the skiff would stand up to the pound-
ing of the ice would give it before reach-
ing the city, but—his eyes wandered to
the lonely figure outlined against the
evening sky—there was a pathetic loneli-
ness in the sweet face—"By George,"
that woman is in some desperate
trouble; had a row with her old man
likely, go—good-by, Cap. Jake will
take my place at the wheel in the
spring if I don't come back. I would
take one of those black lubbers along,
but they are such black cowards."

"I will go, sir, if you need me," spoke
up a clear, boyish voice, and a youth of
perhaps eighteen years, who had lis-
tened eagerly to the conversation, had
stepped forward, saluting the captain.

"All right, go ahead."

It did not take long to get the frail
bark in readiness, while the male pas-
sengers discussed the foohdary per-
formance. One elderly gentleman, with
a fatherly smile, ventured to remon-
strate: "Why, madam, it is sure death
to go in that way. I would not let a
daughter of mine undertake it under
any consideration. You had better wait
until the early morning train."

"Thank you, I must go now," was

the quiet reply, as the gray-headed
figure, enveloped in a storm cloak and
warm furs, was helped into the ice-en-
circled boat, already freezing fast where
they sat. The pilot and youth seated
themselves at the oars. How cold and
blue looked the bending sky; how the
ice crunched and ground hungrily
around the moving boat, slowly giving
way under the steady strokes of the
willing men.

Far ahead of them the rapids seemed
to be one solid mass of ice; but the ex-
perienced eye of the pilot told him it
was not so. The ice was thin and brittle,
and would give way if they could pass the
dangerous rocks beneath it.

Silent and the lady sat at the ruder,
obeying the orders given, while the
passengers on board the boat
watched them with eager eyes until,
through the falling night, they faded
away in the darkness.

The last dangerous eddy was finally
passed, the small boat was moving
slowly but surely forward through the
sea of floating ice. Just before them
the gleaming lights from the city
shone through the chilling mist.

The lamps from the boats at the
landing threw out a strange, fitful
glare over the cold, shimmering sur-
face of the ice river that still struggled
for freedom. There was an unusual
hurry and bustle all up and down the
long wharf, for the last boat of the sea-
son was about to start southward.

A strange object, far out on the ice,
was perceived by a few. It seemed
moving, slowly but surely, towards the
shore. Some paused in their hurried
movements to watch it, but time was
lost, and the boat was soon on its way
out, over the great, frozen sea.

There were a few moments of pre-
paratory bustling; a prolonged whistle,
that ended in a mournful wail; the
great clear ringing of a bell. How the
great red and green balls of light shone
like demon's eyes, how bewildering the
many voices. The "All aboard" was
shouted, the gang plank withdrawn
and the great engine began to throb—
but louder than the engine's working,
clearer than the resounding bell, a
voice pierced the still, frosty air.

The woman's voice raised in sudden,
seething distress. All eyes were
turned toward the little boat so near
at hand that the lights of the steamer
fell full upon it, enveloping in a crim-
son halo the upright form of a woman,
with outstretched arms, outlined
against the sky.

The lifeless giant holding its
precious freight of humanity was for a
minute motionless. The little skiff
drew nearer and nearer, so near that
the pilot's words could be distinctly
heard as he shouted: "A passenger for
New Orleans."

With something like a muffled oath
the captain gave the necessary orders
for relaying the gang-plank was
thrown out, and the woman, pressing a
reward into the hands of the brave
men who had risked so much for her,
was hustled aboard. Though almost
benumbed with cold, her first act was
to look over the register of passengers.

Suddenly her face brightened, her eyes
flashed triumphantly. The clerk
watched her trembling hand as she
hurriedly penciled a line and requested
that it be immediately delivered. The
note simply said: "George, I have
come. You will find me in the ladies'
cabin."

It was after ten, and most of the pas-
sengers had retired. A few young peo-
ple still lingered around the piano,
listening to the amiable lady passenger
who is aboard all boats, as she again
sang the songs so old to her, but new
to admiring strangers.

The newcomer seated herself in a re-
mote corner and waited. How long the
moments seemed, how discordant the
music sounded, how intolerable the
throbbings of the engine. She felt that
some one was approaching and her
heart beat fast, but she calmly arose
and faced her husband.

"George," her voice was low and
pleading, "George, I could not stay
there. Forgive me, and say that you
are glad that I came."

It was a cold, proud, intellectual face
that met her gaze, but handsome, one
that a woman might worship. There
was no responsive echo to her voice.
His outstretched hand, the faultlessly
furnished hand of a man who lived a
purely intellectual life, met her own
expression of unmistakable annoyance,
closing his brow.

"Mary, do you know that you have
made a fool of yourself? What do you
mean by following me around in this
way? Are you always going to be a
dog, a hindrance to me?" The sad
face drooped lower and lower, the
voice that replied was full of tears:

"George, I have left all for you, I
cannot go back."
"Have paid your fare to New Or-
leans?"

"No—I don't think."
"Never mind, I will see to it," and
very coldly the husband withdrew.

She thought he staid long, for she
was cold and very tired. She felt re-
lieved when he returned and conducted
her to his stateroom. "I will walk the
deck awhile and smoke," he said. His
voice seemed a little more kind, as he
added: "Get a good night's rest and
you will feel better in the morning."

"But George," pleaded the woman,
"I was about to withdraw, say you
forgive me for coming, I was un-
happy—it was so long to be sepa-
rated."

"Yes, of course," he answered ab-
sently, as he closed the stateroom
door.

Instead of taking a smoke he seemed
to be making hurried preparations for
departure. At the first landing mark
by the boat one lonely passenger in
muffled cloak, followed by a servant
with baggage, left the boat.

The next morning a sad, wan face
appeared in the cabin and soon after
the clerk handed her a letter directed
by a well-known hand. Alone she
opened it, and with a low cry of dis-
pair, read the cold, careless farewell
and knew that she was that most pit-
iful object on earth—a deserted wife.

She realized at last that she had mar-
ried a man whose ambition ruled him
far more than did his heart. He wrote:
"I see before me a brilliant career,
more glorious than my wildest career
could depict when I married you. If
you love me I believe that you will go
your way and leave me free to reach
the highest pinnacle of fame. I enclose
a check for your present expenses. You
can either return to my mother, who is
in accord with me, and live in dignified
retirement, or remain in New Orleans
for the winter."

This seemed the end of all her
dreams would have been welcome then.

It was well to be on good terms with
the khedive of Egypt. This young
monarch has lately presented a beau-
tiful bracelet to a young English woman
who took his fancy, the value of
which is beyond calculation. It is
gold set with pearls, and encrusted
is upward of four thousand years old.
Some of these belonged to high priests
in the days of the Pharaohs, and the
inscriptions on them relate to magis-

tration. It is an editor's sanctum. The bright,
sunny room is furnished with artistic
taste. Fine engravings adorn the
walls, while bric-a-brac from many
countries bespeak an owner of culture
and travel. The table is strewn with
papers, parts of letters, and the usual
confusion attending a large correspond-
ence, but the chief object of interest is
the occupant of the room—a man of
power and influence. Still, his face
does not bear the air of dignified se-
renity with which it meets the homage
of an admiring world. He is alone
now, the mask has fallen, and we see a
weary, heart-sick man, tired of sense-
less adulation, tired of the wealth that
comes unthought, in his hand.

His thoughts have flown backward
over the long busy years, and he
stands again by a little garden gate
listening for some one—eagerly listen-
ing for her lightest footfall. That
some one comes, and they walk to-
gether down through the flower-gemmed
orchard. He remembers the pink
and white apple blossoms that
were in her hair, and the sunny gold
of her brown hair. Then he thought
he loved her, but when fame held out
its glowing promises of success, how
easily such foolish thoughts were put
away. His mother, too, was ambitious.

"Yet," he mused, "she was but a silly
doll, she didn't understand me." Then
he absently read over a story from a
well-known writer, who had contrib-
uted for years to his magazine. Some-
how her stories, poems and
sketches were always eagerly sought.
He could learn nothing definite con-
cerning the writer's history. The one
thing that puzzled him was, that a per-
son of such apparent refinement and
culture should be so demurely de-
manding an exorbitant price for every page she
wrote. "Ah!" he reflected, "if I had
met a woman with her powerful imagi-
nation, her keen insight, her tender
heart, instead of Mary, how different
my life would have been."

A few hours later, dignified, serene,
conscious of his high social rank, this
man whose name was a synonym for
all that was grand and noble, whose
opinions were sought after, whose ring-
ing words of eloquence had often
hushed into silent admiration thou-
sands of his fellow men, was ushered
into the reception room of a distin-
guished fellow citizen, who had taken
this occasion to introduce to the great
man one of his well-known contributors,
a lady whose name was a household
word in almost every home in the land.

Some one was singing as he entered,
the tender song of "Annie Laurie."
He found his way as near as possible
to the singer, for low and sweet as the
tones were, they found an echo in his
tired heart. "Mary," again he mused,
"somehow I have thought of her
all day." As the singer arose, the hos-
tes hastened to introduce her two dis-
tinguished guests. He expressed his
delight in listening to a song that re-
called pleasant memories, and as he
talked he wished the woman who sat
beside him to look up at him, but she
would not. He saw her eyes, but she
would not look up at him.

He could not account for the sudden
interest he felt. He had pictured this
unknown writer as a confident, self-
possessed woman of the world, fas-
cinating in manner, brilliant in conver-
sation, yet here she stood with averted
face, as if she were ashamed of a lowly
—answering his remarks in mono-
syllables. Soon a crowd of admirers
claimed her, and to his surprise he saw
this silent woman talking with an im-
mense crowd of people, and sparkling eyes
to others. He watched her curiously and
felt that he must know her better.

She was pleasantly conversational with
others during the evening, but he was
mortified to observe that she appar-
ently avoided him.

Once he fancied their eyes met, and
"Mary" involuntarily escaped his lips.
It could not be she—of course not—yet
the same reproachful glance had met
his own fifteen years before at that
stateroom door on a Mississippi steam-
boat.

He would give worlds to know.
The evening drew to a close, the host
and hostess, with the friend in whose
honor the reception had been given,
stood in the drawing-room door, bid-
ding good night to the departing
guests. Slowly the distinguished man
whose presence would honor any as-
semblage approached.

"I have passed a delightful evening
with you," he said to the entertainer as he bade
them good night, then turning to the
lady who had so puzzled and interested
him he simply said "good night," as he
held for a moment her small, shapely
hand.

Was he dreaming or did a voice,
sweet and low, respond: "Good night,
George."

He hastened to his apartments, but
not to sleep. Hour after hour he paced
the floor, then, at a very dawn, he wrote:
"Mary, Mary, who a fool I have been,
but in my heart there is enshrined
memory of the days of our early love.
I have loved you all these years, and
now life will be worthless unless you
come back and forgive me." He wrote
much more in the same passionate
strain, and sent it by a messenger.

A few hours later he received a note
from his hostess of the evening before,
regretting that her guest had gone on
the early morning train, but she would
mail his letter to her.

Days of anxious suspense followed,
but one morning, while feverishly sort-
ing over his mail, he discovered the long
looked-for letter, and hastily read:
"EDITOR MAGAZINE—Dear Sir: Your last
business letter, indicating a desire for a poem
for the next issue of your popular magazine,
was received some time ago. Pardon the de-
lay. The price for poem indicated will be the
same as that you have usually paid for articles
of the same length. Mrs. —"

The poem did not appear in the next
issue. In fact it was never published.
The magazine to which it was sent
soon went out of existence. The editor
went abroad, caring little for the fame
and fortune won at such a fearful cost.
—Josephine D. Hill, in Banner of Gold.

MEXICAN HANDICRAFT.

It is recorded of the Mexican lapidary
to whom was entrusted the fashioning
of the exquisite wedding gift of Cortes
to his wife in 1519 that he was a work-
man "unusually gifted with a delicate
sure touch, wonderful skill and unparal-
leled ingenuity."

The first of the five famous emeralds
forming the ring was in the form of a
rose, the second, that of a horn; the
third was like unto a fish with eyes of
gold; the fourth was like a little bell,
with a fine pearl for the tongue. On
the rim of this tiny bell was inscribed,
in Latin: "Blessed is he who created
thee."

The fifth emerald, the one of
greatest value, was fashioned like a lit-
tle cup, with a foot of gold, and four
delicate gold chains were attached to a
large pearl as a button. The edge
of this cup was of gold, on which was
engraved, in Latin: "Internatus mu-
lierum non surrexit major."—Among
those born of woman none greater has
arisen.

It is recorded that for just one of
these precious gems the almost fabu-
lous sum of forty thousand ducats was
offered, and declined by Cortes.

The sole relic (that can be identified)
now in existence of the incredible
wealth of ancient Mexico is a gold gob-
let with the sides rudely repousse,
with the representation of a human
head, upon one side in full face, on the
other in profile, and on the third the
back. This wonderful piece of ancient
handicraft seems to be of pure gold.

It was brought from Mexico and pur-
chased at Cadiz by Edward Earl of Ox-
ford.

It is stated that it was once the prop-
erty of Montezuma.

This goblet stands four and a half
inches high; its diameter of lip
measures three and a quarter inches;
its weight is said to be a little over five
ounces.

ASTONISHED INDIANS.

Twenty years ago the Indians in
Colorado knew but little of the white
man, and nothing hardly of his ways
and habits, except from tradition.
Among the people who went to settle
in Colorado at that time, says
Golden Days, was a man with very red
hair. He and his party were thrown
among the Indians, who thought at
first that his hair was painted, just as
they painted their own bodies and
faces.

An old chief came up to him one day
and looked at his hair very carefully.
"Ugh!" said he.

And then, turning to the interpreter
who had the party in charge, he
wanted him to ask the man where he
got the kind of paint that would color
his hair, and yet not be greasy or look
dumbly.

He saw that the man's hair was
not painted, but he would not believe
it. He once more walked
up to the man and scrutinized
his locks, running his hand through
them and looking at his fingers.

The red-haired man became a little
nervous, and half fancied that the chief
was calculating how nice a red scalp
would look hung to his belt. The in-
terpreter, however, laughingly told
the man what the chief had said.

Two or three more of the Indians
then gathered around the party, and
they and the interpreter had a pow-
wow. Finally the interpreter asked
the man if he would object to putting
water on his hair.

He saw that the Indians would not
believe but that it was painted, until
they saw that the water would not
wash the color out. The man took
some water, rubbed it on his hair and
then showed his hands to them. But
it took four or five days of wondering
examination to convince them that he
did not find some peculiar paint, and
got himself up in a bright red suit of
hair.

DREW THE LINE AT DUKES.

A story is told by the Million of a
railway traveler who had the misfor-
tune to find himself alone in a com-
partment with a lunatic, the train not
being timed to stop for a couple of
hours, and no means existing for com-
munication with the world. The fol-
lowing appeared to be a sensible man
enough when the train started, but
soon betrayed his mental aberration
by complaining that the carriage was
"too heavy," and attempting to lighten
it by casting all the loose packages out
of the window. Having cleared the
compartments, he announced to his
landlady that he was going to follow
her baggage. A struggle with man-
ifested with maniacal strength
would have been a hopeless affair, so
the proposed victim temporized. He
asked to be allowed to say a prayer, to
which the lunatic readily agreed.

"I wish to pray for others besides
myself," said the traveler. "I cannot
omit the royal family."
Permission gained, the traveler
prayed aloud for every royal person-
age he could think of, however remote-
ly connected with the British dynasty;
but time was waning, and even the
"Almanach de Gotha" has an end.

"You really must go out now," said
the madman, as the breathless speaker
paused with a last despairing effort
to recall another name; "you have prayed
for every one of them."
"But we have forgotten the house of
peers!" cried the victim, with fresh
hope; "you cannot insist on leaving
them out altogether. At least, let me
pray for the dukes."
"Only for the dukes, then," said the
madman, reluctantly.

But this delay saved the traveler,
for before this final beadroll was ex-
hausted the train had reached the sta-
tion and he could call for assistance.

The Madman's Success
of Scott's Emulsion in consump-
tion, scrofula and other forms of
hereditary disease is due to its
powerful food properties.

Nothing in the world
of medicine has been
so successful in dis-
eases that are most
menacing to life. Physi-
cians everywhere
prescribe it.



A Bite

of

Tobacco

Insures pleasure.

Be Sure to get it.

THERE IS NOTHING EQUAL TO
FOR
Young
Chicks

Bradley's Superior Meat-Meal
is sold absolutely on its merits; the name "Bradley"
guarantees its worth. Try it once, and you will
always use it.

25 lb. Bag (Trial Size) . . . \$ 7.50
50 lb. Bag 1.25
100 lb. Bag 2.25

For sale by local agents everywhere. Manufactured
by
BRADLEY FERTILIZER CO.,
92 State Street, Boston.

Send for "FEEDING FOR EGGS," free by mail.

ADAMSON'S
BOTANIC
COUGH BALM
CURES
COUGHS,
COLDS, ASTHMA,
HAY FEVER,
AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO
CONSUMPTION.
Regular Sizes 35¢ and 75¢

The Old Woman
In the shoe could never have
brought up such a family had
she tried to get along without
"L. F." Atwood's Medi-
cine. A family doctor always
in the house. 35 cents a bottle.
Dyspepsia vanishes with its
presence.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY
That we are bound to sell as
much Grass seed as any one, for
the money invested. We also
handle the two popular brands
of fertilizer—

"Cumberland" and "Dirigo."
One Price is all for CASH.
One trial will prove that we will
save you money. Will sell a
barrel of flour, or arranged to
suit or money refunded, for

\$4.00!
TRY US ONCE
LEE, WADLEIGH & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers, 150 Water St.,
AUGUSTA, 8119

Kennebec County. In Probate Court
at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of
March, 1894.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be
the last will and testament of WILLIAM R.
LAFRANCO, late of Augusta, in said county,
deceased, having been presented for probate,
three weeks successively prior to the fourth
Monday of April next, in the Maine
Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that
all persons interested may attend at a Court
of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and
show cause, if any, why the said instrument
should not be proved, approved and allowed
as the last will and testament of the said
deceased.

G. T. STEVENS, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register.

Kennebec County. In Probate Court
at Augusta, on the second Monday of
April, 1894.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be
the last will and testament of SOPHIA LARSEN,
late of Augusta, in said county, deceased,
having been presented for probate,
three weeks successively prior to the second
Monday of May next, in the Maine
Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that
all persons interested may attend at a Court
of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and
show cause, if any, why the said instrument
should not be proved, approved and allowed
as the last will and testament of the said
deceased.

G. T. STEVENS, Judge.
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register.

Kennebec County. In Probate Court
at Augusta, on the second Monday of
April, 1894.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be
the last will and testament of FRANK CARR,
late of Hallowell, in said county, deceased,
having been presented for probate,
three weeks successively prior to the second
Monday of May next, in the Maine
Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that
all persons interested may attend at a Court
of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and
show cause, if any, why the said instrument
should not be proved, approved and allowed
as the last will and testament of the said
deceased.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

WHAT THE MINISTER HIMSELF
SAYS REGARDING HIS WON-
DERFUL CASE.

Read Every Word of His Remarkable
Statement. It is Gospel Truth.

REV. JOHN PETTINGILL,
Pastor Free Will Baptist Church, Rock-
land, Maine, says:

For years I was troubled with most
alarms and painful symptoms of dys-
pepsia, indigestion, heartburn, headache,
and

